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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1910.

Home News Away from Home

Washingtonians who leave the city, either for a short or long stay—whether they go to mountain or seashore, or even across the sea—should not fail to order The Washington Herald sent to them by mail. It will come regularly, and the addresses will be changed as often as desired. It is the home news you will want while away from home. Telephone Main 3300, giving old and new address.

Rooseveltism and Bryanism.

Democratic success in November, if it come, will be short-lived and unproductive, unless it develop a progressive Democracy.

The self-elimination of Mr. Bryan as a Presidential candidate, helpful in insuring support to the party of Democrats who could never be aligned under his leadership, may easily be hurtful, and even destructive, if it serve to put the party again in the role it essayed in the Parker campaign.

As between "unwise radicalism and reactionary conservatism" (a Roosevelt phrase), the country wants neither; but called upon to choose, with no alternative, undoubtedly, in its present mood, the country would take its chances with the first. And the country's mood is unlikely to be modified materially before the Presidential campaign of 1912.

The growth of insurgency in the nation is due primarily to two men—William Jennings Bryan and Theodore Roosevelt. One planted the seed, the other has attended assiduously to the cultivation. Term it Bryanism, Rooseveltism, or what you will, remembering that La Folletteism antedated both, in the end, and as adapted to present-day conditions, it amounts virtually to the same thing.

Only on the guaranteeing of national bank deposits, government ownership of the railroads, and the initiative and referendum is Bryan still a step in advance. The evolution of politics, the growth of insurgency, or the development of progressiveness has otherwise been instrumental in putting the two men on common ground. The past doctrine of the one was no more radical than is the later doctrine of the other. "Unwise radicalism" may be ascribed to both, according to the individual view, but it is obvious that, wise or unwise, it is a radicalism of strong appeal to-day.

Roosevelt's candidacy for President in 1912 is as good as announced. His course since the sixty-day limit of political silence expired is susceptible of no other explanation. Temporarily, at least, he is fast succeeding in Bryanizing the Republican party, and already has widened its split.

But with so powerful an element of Republicanism now inviting his leadership and ready to follow, and the country proposing to rebuke his party for its unprogressiveness—for "reactionary conservatism," in the popular view—it is clear as day that the Democratic party must be rehabilitated in progressive form if it would hope to survive the strenuous times coming.

The saner, the more practical, and the more patriotic the form its progressive rehabilitation takes the better it will be for the party and for the country.

Revenue Receipts and Prohibition.

Things work out contrarily in this world. "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley," and by the same token, you never can tell what the answer is going to be—that is, not for sure.

There was last year more "dry" territory in the United States than ever before in the history of this nation. A great prohibition wave swept over the country a few years ago. It inundated Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, North Carolina, and large areas in the Middle West. Theoretically, it put a stop to the drinking of intoxicants in all of this vast territory; or, at least, very greatly lessened it. Great satisfaction came to the hearts of prohibitionists generally and temperance advocates in large measure.

Now comes the Treasury Department, however, with surprising figures, in the light of the theoretical results hereinbefore set forth. While community after community was voting itself into the "dry" column, the consumption of strong drinks increased steadily. During the year, internal revenue receipts from spirits and fermented, or malt, liquors amounted to more than \$208,500,000. The revenue from spirits alone was \$148,000,000, which is an increase of more than \$12,000,000 over the previous year.

The revenue from malt liquors was over \$20,500,000—an increase of more than \$3,000,000. In 1909 the consumption of spirits, wines, and malt liquors of vari-

ous kinds reached the record-breaking figure of 21.85 gallons per capita. The year 1910 will break even that astonishing record!

How do the advocates of prohibition explain away these startling increases in the consumption of liquors, despite the sumptuary prohibition laws that have been written into the statute books of many States and into the Constitution of some? If prohibition does not cut down the sum total of drinking, is it a success? If drinking actually increases under the operation of these drastic restrictions, is it not a failure—or worse?

The impression is deepening that prohibition and true temperance may be as widely separated as the poles.

Young Warner's Notable Victory.

The nomination of Brainard H. Warner, Jr., as the Republican candidate for Congress in the Sixth Maryland district is significant again of the trend of the political times. His aggressive and thorough campaign counted heavily in his favor, no doubt, but more potent still was the fact that his candidacy represented antagonism to the machine, opposition to control by ring, and protest against bossism. The growth of this sentiment was so strikingly manifested two years ago that it all but cost the Republicans the district, and the result of yesterday's primary proves conclusively that the voters are tired of machine methods and will have no more of machine-made candidates. The result, too, unquestionably lessens the danger to the party of the loss of a Congressional seat.

Mr. Warner's opponent, Mr. Blair, was worthy of the honor he sought, but his weakness lay in the elements supporting his candidacy—the elements already spoken of. No doubt he suffered, even from the ill-advised effort to put him in the role of the administration candidate, which, if it had been true, could only smack of dictation and prompt a natural resentment.

The victor in the contest is to be felicitated upon winning so notably. He has shown a spirit that commends him as a young man possessing the qualities essential to public service. Washington is especially interested in his candidacy, for, although a full-fledged Marylander, he is at the same time a Washingtonian.

Battles of the Blue and Red.

The period of the joint army and militia maneuvers is approaching a termination. We shall shortly be in possession of the reports of the observers, regular and national guard, who have opinions to express and suggestions to make. There will undoubtedly be the usual assortment of brilliant thoughts and original discoveries and a mass of recommendations of changes which are regarded as essential in the task of preparing an armed force for war. In the comments which have come from the various camps so far this year there is observed the same curious confusion over the results of the exercises. There have been at nearly all of the camps a "red" and a "blue" army, warring gratifyingly unsanguinary warfare under the eyes of the umpires.

We have had the same percentage of contradictions of those expert views and protests against the decision. It has been extremely difficult to determine just when a command was really out of the battle. The participants refused sometimes to abide by the ruling which exterminated them as a factor, and have gone blithely on to subsequent victorious adventure, which under the umpire's decision would have made it out of the question for them to have achieved. It is easy enough to see how the results, so far as they bear on military advantage at the end of a day's maneuvering, might be a sad muddle, with a vanquished and utterly routed command, ignorant of its theoretical elimination and determined in its refusal to suffer that elimination, gaining the telling stroke. It would require an adept in the art of war to do the subtraction necessary to find out just who did anything, if this and that were to be considered in or out. But probably those are questions of minor importance, the benefit being derived from the movement of the troops and the experience of life in the field under conditions something like those of actual warfare.

It is of decided advantage to the military establishment—regular and militia—that the days of the "sham battle" have passed, and that the merely spectacular is studiously avoided. The element of the picnic in the encampments is less and less, and this is a good and hopeful sign of progress in the work of preparing for war. There may be here and there a hint of the former reverence for the pictorial, but there is enough of the other to testify to the zeal of citizen soldiery when it has the opportunity and is directed by competent guides along practical lines of activity. There was nothing to criticize, for instance, in the action of the troops at Gettysburg when, rushing madly upon a distant foe, they crossed a public road, where some thrifty and enterprising huckster had strategically placed their peripatetic wares—succulent edibles and refreshing beverages. The command broke for the pie carts and the soft-drink wagons and bought out the now terrified merchants. After which regalement, in sublime indifference to the surgeon's admonitions and the existence of emergency and haversack rations, the troops took up the pursuit of the enemy. Perhaps some cold-blooded umpire decided that the stop under the approved conditions of real war would have been fatal, but of that the official record makes, as yet, no disclosure. It is certain that the "red" or the "blue" army, whichever it was, would have gone gloriously to any fate allotted by the expert, and with full "innards," if not outwardly laden with the spoils of war.

Now that Jack Sheridan has led the way, it might be a good thing to have others of the umpires measured for glasses.

A political speaker out West swallowed a false tooth while making a speech the other day. The colonel's teeth are all his own.

Vice President Sherman has demonstrated that it is not necessary for the holder of that office to drink buttermilk to be famous.

They cheered Bryan, when he was in Denver, one hour and twenty-seven minutes.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

DON'T BLAME THE DOCTORS.

The doctors are a foxy tribe;
These knowing men
For ailing ladies oft prescribe
Pure oxygen.

For this may get some fees immense
From patients fair
Who never would expend five cents
For plain fresh air.

Almost a Bachelor.
"You refused me ten years ago."
"I remember. You said it would wreck your life."
"It did. I have only married twice since."

Too Easy.
"Why don't you travel with that automobile man any more?" asked the soap drummer.
"He got on my nerves," replied the hardware drummer. "Instead of hustling for orders, he went around telling dealers how many machines he could let them have."

Since June.
"And how is your college son getting along with his career?"
"Well, so far, he has been a bill collector, a shipping clerk, and a soda water dispenser."

Risky Business.
Some statesmen are too flip
Of late.
They want to rock the ship
Of state.

In the Far Future.
"The Yaleward boys want that fellow to matriculate at Yaleward this fall."
"He looks too light for football."
"What do they care for football? They are trying to strengthen their debating team."

Summer Engagements.
"Mother, I am engaged."
"I object to Mr. Wombat."
"I was engaged to Mr. Wombat last week," retorted the girl with dignity. "This time it is Mr. Piffle."

Too Mixed.
"Exclusive, are they?"
"Very. She won't let her daughter play tennis in the mixed doubles."

EACH ELM COST PINT OF RUM.
How the Shade Trees of Kittery Point Came to Be Planted.
From the Kittery Journal.

One of the most striking attractions of the old town of Kittery Point has long been the towering elms. They rise majestically above trees of all other varieties, and in summer, with their foliage, encompass her quiet streets in delicious green coolness, transform the fine old place into a veritable seashore fairyland, and last, but not least, enrapture the summer visitor.

For nearly two miles along the highway, which for the most part follows the shore of the harbor, these splendid specimens of themselves at fairly regular intervals, though the ax has in times past brought some of the monarchs crashing to the earth.

The story of the circumstances attending the planting of the giants, as it has been handed down from father to son, runs as follows:

"Major Thomas Cutts, one of the old town fathers, who conducted a fishing business, foreign commerce, a store, and a tavern in the famous Pepperell mansion (built in 1823), conceived the very commendable idea of beautifying his native town by setting out trees.

"Accordingly in 1791 he gave one Samuel Blake the contract. Samuel's remuneration was nothing more or less than a pint of rum, doubtless brought from the West Indies by one of the major's pinkies, for each tree planted. There were, of course, ninety-nine of them, and they extended from the Seaver's wharf where the First Christian Church now stands, to the 'Top of the Point,' or the shore of Spruce Creek."

Up a Tree.
He had never fished before, and his rod was new and shining with repellant lustre. He was fishing with a trout stream, when a sudden chance he got a bite, a one-pounder, from the way the line strained. He did not play the fish at all. With rod held straight ahead, he slowly and steadily reeled him in. Presently the fish was directly below the end of the rod. Did he stop? No; he kept on reeling the fish in, and finally the fish's head touched the tip. The man even tried to pull him through the ring. Just then he saw a man standing on the shore, and turning with a bewildered look he said:

"What shall I do now?"
"The only thing you can do now," the man said, "is to climb up the pole after him."

Swimming by Machinery.
From the Chicago Tribune.
A ten-pound swimming machine that may be packed in a suitcase is the invention of a Frenchman. It is a safe and rapid contrivance for the man who swims or the man who does not. At the front of the apparatus is a cylindrical metal float with conical point and a depending rudder. At the rear is another metal float, with stirrup acting upon a propeller, the two ends connected by a wooden bar on which the swimmer lies as if in the water.

Kicking with his feet, and alternately pushing and pulling with a cord handle bar just back of the forehead float, the swimmer on the swimming machine gets a maximum of exercise while making a speed impossible to the ordinary swimmer on the open water.

Unsettled.
From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.
"Do you think that the duke and the American girl will ever be married?"
"Oh, it's quite possible."
"But are they engaged?"
"Well, not exactly, yet. But if they happen to meet, and some mutual friend introduces them and they take a fancy to each other, they may become so."

Champion Dishwasher.
From the Youngstown Telegram.
Men who have helped their wives with the dinner dishes were surprised to learn that the championship is still held by Mary Ann Meese, of New Philadelphia, who has washed 14,000,000 during her lifetime.

The Ideal and the Real.
From the Filigree Blatier.
"Oh, Peter, what have you been doing? Didn't you promise me faithfully that you would be a good boy?"
"Oh, mother, but something always happens to prevent me."

Almost Forgotten.
From the Dallas News.
What has become of the old-fashioned passenger who used to lose his hat out of the car window?

A BALLADE OF LADY LOVES.

Florence and Gladys and Marigold.

Mary, and Frances, and names like these;
Are they not written in letters of gold
On memory's tablets, to read when I please?
Blonde and brunette, and dimpled and shy;
Their virtues, their failings—how sweet to recall;
Not one but deserves to be praised to the sky—
But—There is one love that is dearer than all.

Annie was patient, and Dolly was bold;
Catherine, stately; Mignon was a tease;
Nelly was sprightly, and I have been told,
That Violet brought other swains to their knees.
Phyllis was pouting when others were nigh;
Amanda, I loved at my first fancy ball;
Ah, well! I remember how Mildred would sigh!
But—There is one love that is dearer than all.

Matilde grew more gracious as round the years rolled,
Though she flouted me once, on the lake, 'neath the trees;
Diana and Bessie were both of them cold,
But with Fanny I drank pleasure's cup to the lees.
There was Julie and Cleely—ah, how the years fly!
There was Beatrice, who won me by dropping her shawl.
I shall dream of the beauty of these till I die—
But—There is one love that is dearer than all.

Prince, I am sorry that I've passed it by—
Her name was let's see—it's hard to recall.
By Jove!—I've forgotten! But still, I can sigh;
For I know there's one love that is dearer than all!

HECTOR FULLER.

UNCLE JOE'S SINEWS.

Assured of Longer Political Life Than Many of His Repudiators.

From the Christian Science Monitor.
Those who are wondering at the boldness of Speaker Cannon in hurling defiance in all directions are probably those who are yet unacquainted with the conditions that make him at the present time one of the most independent as well as one of the strongest among the leaders of his party. Very few of the number attacking him, criticising him, or deserting him have any such assurance as he possesses of a continuance in public life beyond the next year or two. Among the Representatives who are repudiating his politics and his methods there are some whose presence at the Capitol in an official position beyond the next session is, to say the least, very doubtful.

The Danville district of Illinois will in all human probability continue to return Mr. Cannon to Congress as long as he wants to go. There is practically no Republican opposition to him at home. He has every reason to look forward to an increased majority next fall. All of the indications point to the fact that he will be able early next winter to smile at the thought of many gentlemen who have not approved his course and yet have not been elected to succeed themselves.

It is in the assurance referred to here that his strength lies, but he is also entrenched strongly behind the fact that though defeated for the Speakership, he will still be entitled to the floor, and in a position to speak his mind more freely than ever before throughout his long political career.

Neither Taft nor Roosevelt, nor La Follette nor Dilliver, nor Gardner nor Longworth, nor any other person, can put Joseph G. Cannon "out of politics" so long as the Danville district is satisfied with him and re-elects him, and with this knowledge as his support and inspiration he will be an important factor in the coming campaign, and a still more important factor in the next Congress, whether it shall be won or lost by his party.

It is not indorsing Joseph G. Cannon nor approving his methods to present these indisputable facts to our readers. They are entitled to an intelligent understanding of the situation.

Reasonable Estimate.

From Puck.
"Would you take \$10,000 to fly from Albany to New York?"
"Why not? Our cashier took only \$1,000 to fly to Europe."

A Mystery Explained.

From the Cleveland Leader.
"Why do widows almost always marry again?"
"Because dead men tell no tales."

AT THE HOTELS.

Speaking of the frauds and swindles perpetrated against the government's tariff laws at the various ports of the United States, Col. Henry S. Griffith, of New York, who is at the New Willard, said last night that voyagers returning from across the seas bring back gems concealed in cakes of soap, in the hollowed heels of boots, beneath porous plasters, in cartridges from which the bullets have been removed and the powder taken out, and in various other ways.

"The device of folding diamonds in a slice of meat," continued Col. Griffith, "feeding it to a dog just before reaching port, and killing the animal a few hours later, is a familiar one. It is said that a pet pelican was landed with a necklace of rubies in its pouch."

"The big sinners do not appear to be bothered with a conscience. I think it is to be regretted that the working of the spirit does not touch the important offenders as it does the smaller ones, who sometimes make restitution through the conscience fund. If the example of the lesser sinners were followed by the greater, the national debt would have been extinguished long ago. The men and women who have gouged the government only slightly are the ones who come to the front."

"A fraud on the government of a comparatively innocent sort is often practiced in the army. A quartermaster finds his stores short by 100 tent pins, 5 anvils, and 14 sledges hammers. Very likely it is not his fault; such things will happen. Presently a soldier deserts. Incidental to the report of desertion sent to Washington, mention is made of 100 tent pins, 5 anvils, and 14 sledges hammers that have disappeared with the deserter. The latter is supposed to be walking across the country with these articles thrown over his back. This squares the quartermaster, who would otherwise be obliged to pay for the missing articles. The government is patient and forgiving."

David H. Lewis, of Devils Lake, N. Dak., who is at the Riggs House, discussed the opening of the game season to-morrow, and incidentally remarked that there is no sport like prairie chicken hunting in North Dakota.

"Chicken hunting is one of the best sports in the world," said Mr. Lewis, who speaks as if he knew his subject thoroughly. "There is nothing like it. It provides a man looking at it from a scientific point of view, and this scientific view includes, above all things, the dogs. Millionaires from the East, showily equipped with all kinds of appearances and braces of expensive kennel dogs, find themselves at the end of a day's journey without a single trophy of their hunt. The game is not to the luxurious, but to the intelligently expert. A brace of kennel dogs may be valued at \$40 or \$50, and they may be considered as valuable as the Greener gun, so ostentatiously exposed to view by the man from the East, but a dog trained to field work and a \$15 weapon may run up a record which seems marvellous even to those accustomed to tall stories of successful hunts."

"One disadvantage of these expensive kennel dogs," continued Mr. Lewis, "even if they are well broken, is that they become footsore and consequently valueless in the stiff stubble. The reason for this is that they have not been toughened by care, training, and exercise. The Eastern hunter who tenderly removes them from their ventilated car takes no account of this. They have had no long runs to prepare them for work. A good pointer or setter, for effective work in the hunting season, ought to be exercised in the open country as early as June. It is impossible to run them in the fields while the grain is standing, and the prairie chicken is a bird which lives and has its being in the grain field and prairie grass. The hunter must also have a 'rig' and a good driver. If possible, a native lad who will take an interest in the sport and mark the birds down is the best to employ. This process of marking birds down consists in standing on the seat of one buggy and watching the line of flight of such birds as have been flushed and not shot by hunters. You, for example, have dropped three out of eight birds on the first rise. Your driver, self-controlled but enthusiastic, shows you that some of the birds have alighted near a clump of goldenrod, and that the rest are in line with a haystack in the heavy grass at the edge of a meadow. The hunters are with the dogs, taking care of the birds at hand. If the driver has marked down chickens even a half mile away, you drive as quickly as possible to the neighborhood, where the birds are lying as close and quiet as if they were dead. The rest of the work, if you happen to be a passable shot, depends on the pointers or setters."

Year after year the German army maneuvers have been growing more truly warlike, according to Capt. John G. Spencer, formerly of the regular army, and now in the real estate business in Boston, who is at the Raleigh.

"All the troops in the Kaiser's peace footing army of nearly 700,000 men are maneuvering at various times throughout the year, either by regiments, brigades, or corps, but it is only once a year that whole armies, numbering between 75,000 and 100,000 men, get into action for a period covering four or five days, and under the eagle eye of the war lord in his favorite role as commander-in-chief. There is no fooling about these maneuvers for the Kaiser. Taking residence usually at one of his fifty-four castles—they are so numerous that one is sure to be in the neighborhood of whatever region is chosen for the annual 'Kaiser maneuvers'—he is out of bed between 3 and 4 o'clock every morning, aboard his special train or motor car an hour later, and on the field, in the saddle, seldom later than 5 o'clock. His guests, of course, are required to be equally larklike, and as the world contains only a few mortals who like the strenuous life to an equal degree, they are, for the most part, a hollow-eyed, sagged-out lot after two or three days of the Emperor's maneuver 'hospitality.'

"For the past three or four years the Emperor has carried with him a portable asbestos house for dwelling on the field over night with his troops. It consists of a simply furnished set of apartments for himself, two adjutants, and two body servants, and is characterized throughout by Spartan simplicity. The Emperor serves as supreme umpire for these annual maneuvers, with Count Helmuth von Moltke, nephew of the great field marshal, and at present chief of the general staff, as his immediate adjutant. The Kaiser is a delightful mixture of earnestness and joviality while watching operations from some eminence on the battlefield. He indulges in frequent cigarette smoking, and is characterized by a somewhat morose and sarcastic-looking sandwich or glass of beer passed up to his saddle, or will dismount and walk about among his officers and foreign guests and engage in a good-natured conversational discussion of some movement under way."

THE EARTH CAVING IN.

Great "Sink" in Florida Caused a Subterranean River.

From the Gainesville Sun.
Another "sink" on Alachua Lake, just across from the chain of "sinks" south of the city, developed some time during Wednesday night, and as a result the trains over the Atlantic Coast Line were annulled after the Leesburg-Jacksonville train, which reached here Thursday morning at 8 o'clock.

The first report that reached the city was brought by Conductor Frederick, who was advised of the trouble by Section Foreman Thigpen, who made the discovery early in the morning on his way to the south end of his section.

When Mr. Thigpen first discovered the new sink it was not more than ten or fifteen feet in diameter, but it spread very rapidly during the morning hours, and by the arrival of the Leesburg passenger train it had grown to about forty feet, one large chunk of earth, following after another in rapid succession and the ground cracking for a space of several feet around the entire hole.

At about noon the place presented a rather interesting scene, for at this time the great loads of earth were rolling in at intervals, and with them the water would boil and sizzle as though it was hot iron being struck in place. The great pool also resembled the waves of the sea, for during the day it was in motion, sometimes being greater than at others, and up to last night the earth was still falling.

Reports from the place last night were to the effect that the hole had covered a distance of 135 feet, running north and south, while from the east to west bank the distance is fully 100 feet.

This sink developed some 200 yards this side of the one that occurred there a few years ago when a local freight train with many cars fell to the bottom of the place, but fortunately there was no water in this one, and it was easily filled in, and is used to-day the same as the old roadbed.

Just how deep the water in this new place is cannot be estimated with any degree of accuracy, for during the forenoon a large tree that was fully thirty or more feet tall was in the middle of the place, and in the afternoon it had disappeared as though nothing but a bottomless hole was there to receive anything that came its way.

There are a number of old sinks in the vicinity, but the new one is larger than any of the others.

Early in the Game.
From the Chicago News.
Neighbor—is any one sick over at your house, Johnny?
Johnny—Dad's all in some.
Neighbor—Is he worse sick?
Johnny—Not yet. Th' doctor only started to come this mornin'.

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

Birthday of the First Imperial Madmen—August 31

On August 31, A. D. 12, Calves Caesar, the first of the Imperial Madmen of Rome, was born. He is usually known in history as Caligula, a nickname given to him by the soldiers of his father's command, among whom he was a great favorite in his childhood. The name was derived from "caliga," a kind of foot covering worn by the common soldiers, and is sometimes translated "Little Boots." Caligula was born at Antium, and was educated in the camp. On the death of his brother Drusus, he was made augur in his stead, and on the death of Tiberius, when Caligula was twenty-five years old, who it was suspected, had received foul play at his hands, it was found that he had been appointed co-regent along with the grandson of Tiberius, but the senate and the people allowed Caligula supreme and sole authority.

In the beginning of his reign he appeared hardly likely to fulfill the threat of Tiberius, who had talked of educating Caligula "for the destruction of the Roman people."

There was a good side to the Emperor, which is shown in the just laws he enacted and the ancient ones he restored. But it later turned out that his ostentatious magnanimity was itself a disease, an unwholesome affection, founded on no principle or even humanity of heart. In consequence of this he turned his rule into the revels of a madman, doing all sorts of ridiculous things, and was finally assassinated when he was thirty-nine years of age.

Caligula succeeded in spending in one year the enormous wealth that had been left by Tiberius. He banished or murdered his relatives. He filled Rome with executions, confiscating the estates of his victims. He amused himself while dining by having victims tortured and slain in his presence. He uttered the wish that "all the Roman people had but one neck, so that he might decapitate Rome at a blow!" To wit with Xerxes, he made a bridge of ships over the bay between Bala and Puteoli and celebrated the exploit by a costly banquet in the middle of the bridge, and by collecting on it a great number of people and causing them to be drowned.

His favorite horse was stabled in a palace, fed at a marble manger with gilded oats, was a member of the college of priests and afterward raised to the consulship. As a climax to all his absurdities he declared himself a god and had temples erected and sacrifices offered to himself.

He used to complain aloud of the state of the times because it was not rendered remarkable by any public calamities. He wished for some terrible slaughter of his troops, a famine, a pestilence, conflagration or an earthquake. Some senators who had borne the highest offices in the government he suffered to run by his litter in their togas for several miles together, and to attend him at supper, sometimes at the head of his couch, sometimes at his feet, with napkins; others of them, after he had privately put them to death, he nevertheless continued to send for, as if they were still alive, and after a few days pretended that they had laid violent hands upon themselves.

When flesh was only to be had at a high price for feeding his wild beasts, he ordered that criminals should be given them to be devoured. As there was no one to make war upon him, he decided to make an imaginary one upon himself, and assembled his army upon the shores of the ocean and compelled them to gather up the shells and fill their helmets and folds of their dress, calling them "the spoils of the ocean, due to the capitol and the Palatium. As a monument to his success he raised a lofty tower.

Caligula was crazy, both in body and mind, being subject when a boy to the falling sickness. What most of all disordered him was want of sleep, for he seldom had more than three or four hours' rest in a night, and even then his sleep was not sound. He was slain by Cassius Chaerea, one of his bodyguards, to whom he had been exceptionally cruel, on January 24, A. D. 41.

On August 31 the British took San Sebastian in the Peninsula war (1813). It is the birthday of John Houston, the Georgia patriot and statesman (1746); Jacob Brinkerhoff, who drew up the famous Wilmet proviso (1810); Galusha A. Grow, the Pennsylvania statesman (1823); and of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland (1880). It is the date of the death of Henry V. of England (1422); John Bunyan, author (1688); Dr. James Currie, biographer (1855); and Admiral Sir John Thomas Duckworth (1817).